

strength, the sweet experiences which have come into your life. Your deliverance from danger and sickness and trouble and sin, the consciousness of his abiding presence, the thousand tokens of his daily love and care; but can you thank the Lord for the losses and the crosses, for the hard things you have had to bear, for the discipline and the disappointments? Perhaps when it is all summed up we will have as great reason to be thankful for what we call our sorrows as for our joys. God's purpose in all his providences is our perfection, and in the economy of grace as well as of nature, there is a place for crying and tears as well as for joy and laughter. To him every soul is a musical instrument of marvelous perfection and sensitiveness; and tho the joy notes are sweet, they are not the only sweet notes of which the instrument is capable. It has many strings but the divinest harmony is produced only when the Master's hand is free to touch them all. Sometimes it is the rippling notes of joy, clear as liquid silver and sweet as the laughter of happy children. Sometimes he touches the plaintive minor chords, and the music is still as sweet and a thousand times more tender, but it sounds now like the breaking of a sigh or the gentle falling of tear drops. Sometimes his hand sweeps over the strings and brings forth the deep notes, the low tones of grief and sorrow. The music then is solemn and sad and every tone is like a sob, and the very instrument itself shudders at the sad strains. Perhaps your soul my brother, would sometimes shrink from the Master's touch when his hand would sweep the chords that bring out the sad notes; the rippling notes of laughter seem better to you; but the instrument is not complete and its harmony is not perfect so long as a single string is silent and refuses to respond to the Master's touch. In a word. I mean our souls are developed and God's purposes in us are wrought out by our passing thru every variety of human experience. Joy is good and so is sorrow; tears have their place and so has laughter. God's purposes are just as kind in sending adversity, as in giving prosperity. *"Give thanks always for all things unto God."*

Hagerstown, Md.

#### CAUSES FOR THANKSGIVING

J. C. MACKAY

*"The lines are fallen in pleasant places."*

Not all the features of our present day scenes are dull and dark. There are bright tints, and gleams of sun-light as the history of the past year unfolds.

Possibly the greatest event that has blessed, and will yet bless, the world during the year was the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions. Heroes of the faith of God exhibited to the Church and the world, the need of increased effort, enthusiasm, and contributions, in the opening century, that the world may be won for Christ, and the gospel preached to all nations. According to the reports we have observed that the

word "*Comity*" was in daily use, and its real meaning given. Among the denominations of Christians, heretofore, the word, while indeed beautiful, seemed to mean that the weak should lie down before the mighty to be devoured at its will. Thank God for the evidences that such a scene is fading.

Again, we may thank God that while in the midst of wars, we have already had the proofs that the Prince of Peace still rules and reigns. The Peace Conference at the Hague has done noble work in lessening the chances for brutality in future wars, declaring in favor of arbitration, and preparing for the institution of a permanent court before which vexing international questions may be settled. Our own country has great reason to be gratified, because of her prominent place in Congress, whose honor she undoubtedly won. Such a Conference would not have been possible a hundred years ago.

We bless God, furthermore, for the triumph of righteousness, and purity in the home, seen in the exclusion of Brigham H. Roberts, the confessed polygamist of Utah, from the House of Representatives. The good women of our land accomplished the heroic work; halting the brazen law-breaker on the threshold of the House, with a majority of Representatives in favor of admitting him, until they succeeded in having him turned away altogether. Yes, the good American women did it; and as we thank God for this victory, we extend to them an offering of admiration and gratitude.

From far over the sea comes the cry of distress. Famine stricken India appeals to us again. While we deplore the condition of those people in the far west, we thank God for another open door to admit our generous charity, and for the evidences already before us that thru the exercise of Christian love, in material offerings, heathen hearts have been led to seek our Christ.

I should like to refer to our protectorate over Cuba, and our possession of Puerto Rico and the Philippines, bringing us new power and responsibilities which the divine Father intends us to use to his glory and the good of poor perishing sinners. But the editor has warned me that this article shall be only a column in length, even less. I must therefore content myself with but a word along this line.

Passing by the criticisms we have heard on expansion, and so-called imperialism, the important fact now before us is the increased area of missionary duty. Leading spirits have discerned the hand of God in all that has occurred, and it will be base indeed if we rest satisfied with turning these new territories merely toward the material advantage of business. It is ours as a people, and I do trust as a church as well, to go to the deluded inhabitants of these lands with the glorious gospel of the blessed God. It is true our own church is small, and cannot be expected to do the vast work inaugurated by larger bodies. Nevertheless, it is ours to *"say among the heathens that the Lord reign-*

*eth."* The world also shall be established that it shall not be moved. "He shall judge the people righteously." "He that testifieth these things saith, 'Surely I come quickly, Amen.' Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

#### THANKSGIVING FOR EVERYTHING

R. R. TEETER

Giving thanks always for all things. Eph. 5: 20.

Rev. G. W. Dell, in preaching from this text says: "When the day has been contrary to my wishes and expectations, I will give thanks for the love that considered my welfare rather than my desires." How many of us can truly say the same thing? Occasionally we express our thanks for the good things that come to us, but it seems to me I have met many people, and Christians among the number, who do not give God thanks for days that have not brought to them the expected blessings. Other blessings may have come, but they are unseen because our desires have been for something different. Can we not feel that "all things work together for good"?

I believe that is one of the gospel truths, that is not as readily accepted by many Christians as it should be.

When we give thanks for "all things" we must remember to thank God for the joys of others; for the prosperity of our neighbors. Sometimes I think in our national thanksgiving this is sadly overlooked, and we become somewhat selfish.

We are asked to be thankful for prosperity at home and "prestige" abroad. Forgetting what our prestige abroad has cost some body.

If by our increased prestige abroad, we can carry good to other people we have cause to be thankful, but if it means that the evils of our people and nation shall follow or go in advance of the good, we had better confine ourselves to giving thanks for the good things at home, and for the prosperity we as a people enjoy, not as the result of any certain political principles or parties, but as the bounteous gift of an all loving God, who causeth it to rain upon the just and the unjust alike.

At the close of one of the most fruitful years of our national history let us say, with Whittier:

"Once more the liberal year laughs out  
O'er richer stores than gems of gold;  
Once more with harvest ring and shout,  
Is nature's boldest triumph told."

"Our common mother rests and sings  
Like Ruth among her garnered sheaves;  
Her lap is full of goodly things,  
Her brow is bright with autumn leaves."

"Oh, favors old, yet ever new!  
Oh, blessings, with the sunshine sent!  
The bounty over runs our due,  
The fullness shames our discontent."

"We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;  
We murmur, but the corn-ears fill.  
We choose the shadow, but the sun  
That casts it, shines behind us still."

Milledgeville, Ill.